



Youth

AUGUST 1964

SPECIAL

**CREATIVE
ARTS
AWARD**

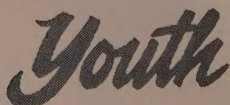
ISSUE

sometimes what we say touches the in

A major frustration each of us faces is to have something on our heart which we feel is important to say and then not be heard. It might be a point of misunderstanding within the family, or a vital concern which is burning a hole in our conscience, or the key to a broken relationship with a friend, or simply an idea or a part of us aching to be appreciated. Often we get it off our chest through writing a letter which is never sent, or going for a long walk, or writing a poem, or dreaming a solution which can never be, or simply letting ourselves go in total artistic expression. Sometimes what we have to say has an appeal which is beyond our own personal life. What we say is still a part of us, but also communicates to the world around us.

We believe that teens today have something worth sharing. And so we continually open our pages of YOUTH magazine to you. But how does one reach those teens who have something to say which touches the universality of experience, feeling, and thought? Our most effective effort thus far has been through last year's Creative Arts Award competition. The success of this effort was reflected in your warm praise of last year's Creative Arts Award issue of YOUTH dated August 1963 and in your enthusiastic response to our invitation to take part in the 1964 Creative Arts Award competition.

The pages of this issue of YOUTH are filled with the creative expression of teens who responded to this year's Creative Arts Award competition.

The logo for the magazine 'Youth' is written in a large, bold, cursive script. The letters are thick and fluid, with a slightly slanted, dynamic feel. The 'Y' is particularly large and prominent, leading into the 'o', 'u', 't', 'h' which follow in a similar flowing style.

August, 1964/Vol. 15/No. 15

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Feelings and thoughts of all people

petition. First announced in our January 19, 1964 issue of YOUTH magazine, the competition closed with the deadline of May 15. Any person under 20 years of age qualified. The six categories of creative expression were photography, art work, sculpture, poetry, fiction, and non-fiction. Final judging on the verbal arts was done by our editorial staff and the visual arts were judged by James Pfeufer, art consultant for the new United Church Curriculum. Each person who has an entry published in this issue is receiving twenty-five dollars. And so we present the 1964 Creative Arts Award issue of YOUTH magazine for your judgment and enjoyment. (If you wish extra copies of this issue, send 25 cents for each copy, plus ten cents postage, to YOUTH magazine.)

But we also hope that you will feel free throughout the year to use YOUTH magazine as your forum and to write us your thoughts in poetry and prose and share your photos and art with the readers of YOUTH magazine. Although we do not print everything we receive, we do try to share the most sensitive and responsible expressions of today's young people. You are a human being. What excites you, may excite others—young and old. What puzzles you may puzzle others. Your gripes, your fears, your questions, your joys, your successes, your failures, your hopes, your dreams—all these may spark a similar response in others. And then communication takes place. And in such groping and grappling, we all can grow just a little.

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RALPH STURGEN, EAGLE BUTTE, S.D. AGE 17 / "I have always been interested in creative expression, but unfortunately I have very little creative ability. Therefore, I have had to turn to the camera as my means of showing peace and tranquility. I think that my entry (Street Sweeper, page 12) was special in that it shows a slow-moving, peaceful existence." Ralph, recently spent two and one-half years in Ghana where his father served as a hospital administrator, is presently a mission representative in United Methodist of Christ summer camps.



CHARLES MOERDYK, BALDWIN, MICH. AGE 15 / "When one of my teachers in school taught me photography, he taught me not only the technical aspects but also the artistic values of photographs. I learned that photographs are taken but that pictures are created. When the Creative Photography Award Competition was announced, I thought that I would enter some of the door photographs I had taken. This entry (Wilderness Pond, pages 6-7) was taken in the evening and is of a pond formed by the backwaters of a stream near my home. I entered the picture because I felt that it conveyed the idea of the peacefulness of the pond and I wanted to show it to others."



JOHN SCHAFER, DES PLAINES, ILL. AGE 19 / "Although photography is frequently compared with painting and other forms of fine art, in reality, a unique form of creative expression. In no other form of art does the artist possess the means of capturing the emotion and mood of a fleeting moment or the impact of a still life with the spontaneity of a photographer. By virtue of the unlimited number of controls available to the photographer is able to present a wide variety of interpretation of what he sees, both literal and abstract. Photography challenges the artist to express himself with a spontaneity available in no other form of art." (Pages 100, pages 8-9)



ANITA DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY. AGE 14 / "I am very interested in to have my photographs considered for publication in YOUTH magazine again. My picture, which was published last year (Flamingo Show at Night) was also the 4-H photography champion at the Kentucky State Fair. I have been in the 4-H photography project for three years. I develop and print my own pictures. My current entries (Nuns at the Cloisters, page 10 and Greenwich Village at Night, page 11) show two of the extremes of New York City life. I took them while I was there on vacation. I try to capture the impressions with my camera."



WILLIAM LIKE, HILO, HAWAII. AGE 17 / "Time exposure photography offers many opportunities in creative expression. At a school conference held this year, I experimented with this type of photography (Untitled, page 12). Nothing can duplicate that feeling of joy that I felt upon reviewing the results. Many of my photographic experiments have resulted in failure, but success once in a while usually always eradicates all earlier disappointments."

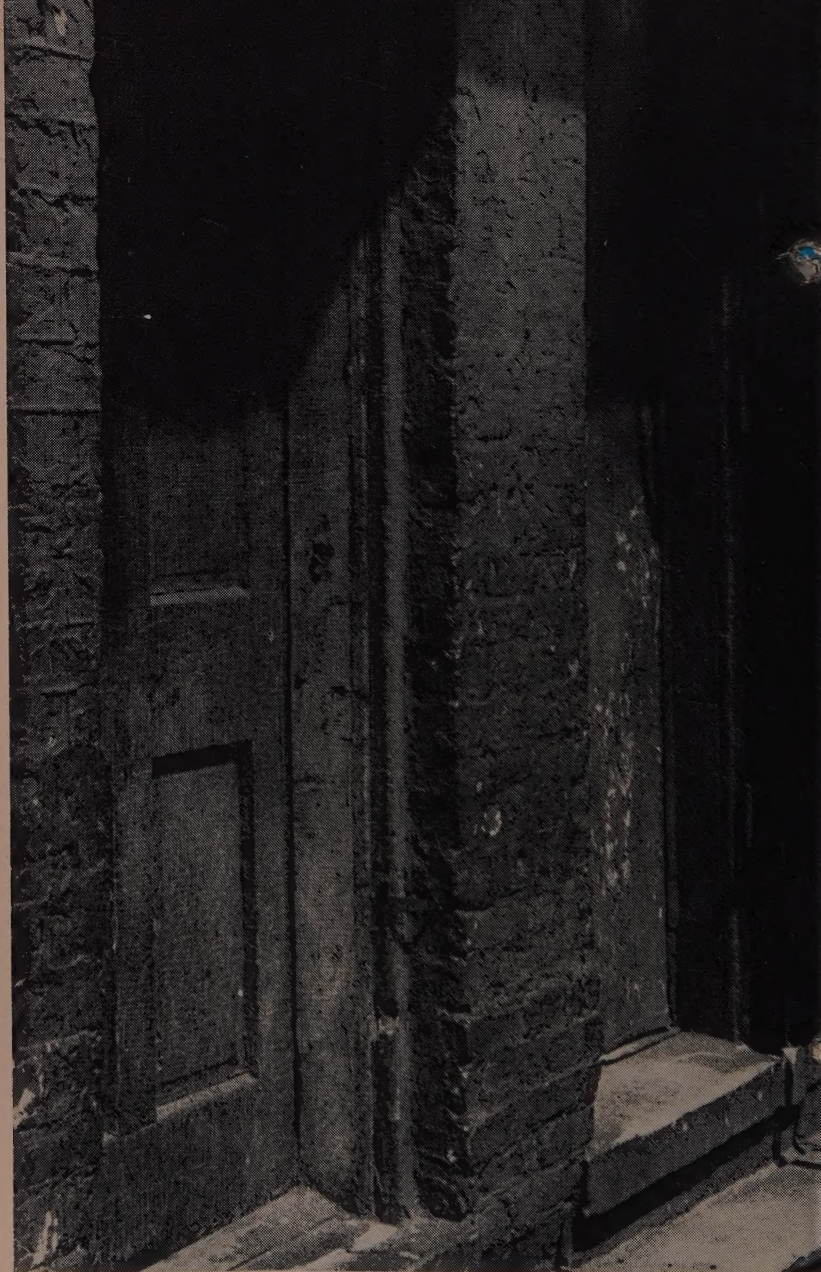
STREET SWEEPER/By Ralph Sturgen





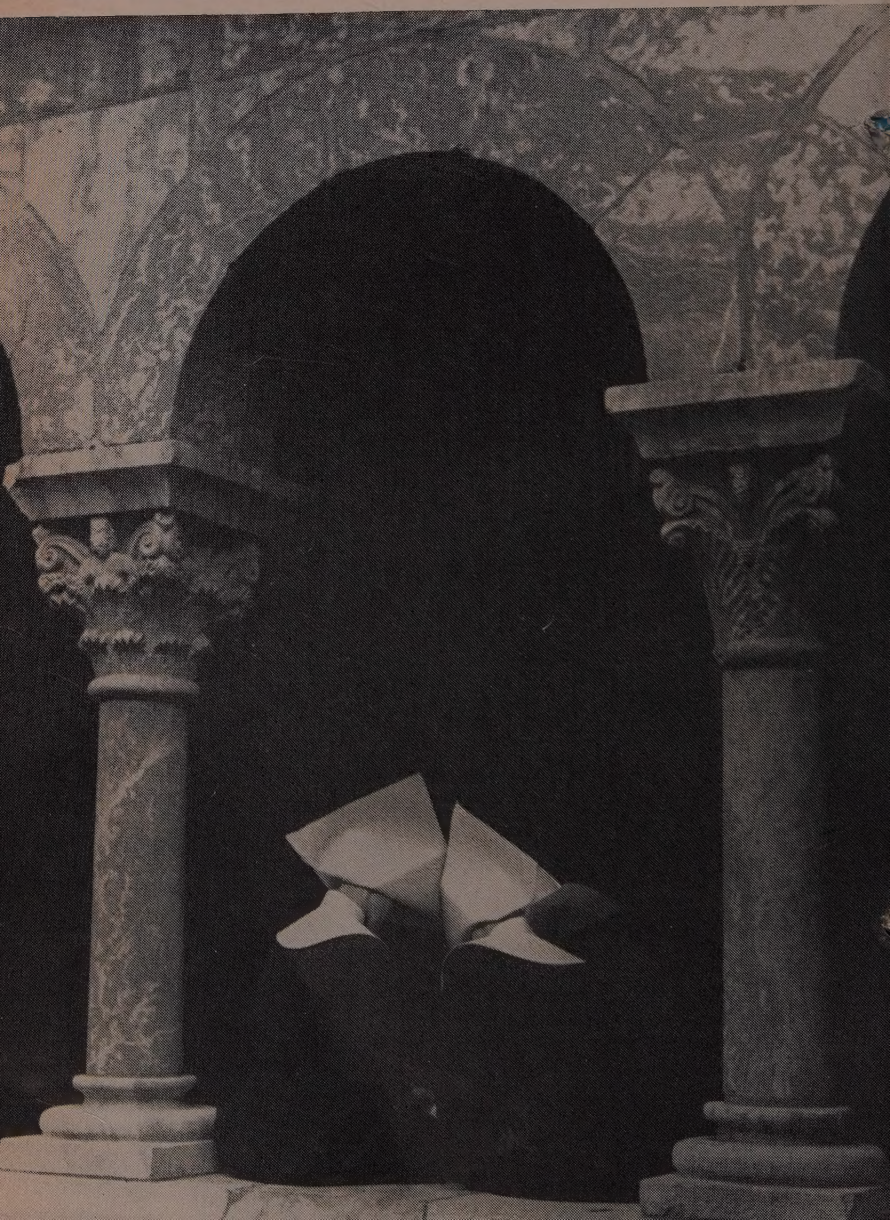


WILDERNESS POND/By Charles Moerdyk





NUNS AT THE CLOISTERS/By Anita Douthat

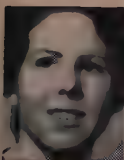




GREENWICH VILLAGE AT NIGHT/By Anita Douhet

UNTITLED/By William Like





CONNIE CROOKER, RUTLAND, MASS. AGE 17/ When I wrote the play *A Grand Stereotype* (pages 14-7), I did not think of it as creative expression. I was writing it to be used in a youth rally on racial justice. Now, it was performed last fall by four Negro young people for several hundred white young people in our association. I was concerned at first with predictability, with staging small parts with rather than with a big scene and creative play. I didn't know what type of play it would turn out to be, but from the laughter in the audience I guess it was a satirical comedy. I hope that other youth groups will not hesitate to use this play. We could all use a good laugh at ourselves.



DALE A. ZURBRICK, BUFFALO, N.Y. AGE 17/ I became interested in creative expression at South Park High School as a freshman. Our school conducts a creative writing class and every year that class presents an assembly where members recite some of their writings, prose and poetry. This year several members also played musical compositions or presented their art work to the audience. One girl did some cartoons to accompany some of the humorous poetry. I could hardly wait until my junior year (only juniors and seniors are admitted to the class) to get into this group. *Garrison* (page 18) was intended to be a piece of protest essay which was a class assignment. The idea of the essay had long been forming in my mind. *Garrison* was the finished product.



MARTHA BERGLIND, CONCORD, MASS. AGE 18/ I began writing stories in the sixth grade, and since then have enjoyed it as a favorite hobby. *Recollections* (pages 19-20), written for an English assignment, is part fact and part fiction. Most of the descriptions are truly observed, but I combined them into one incident. In it I tried to express my memories and feelings about the Maine beach where I have spent many summer vacations.



CATHI LONG, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. AGE 16/ I can't remember when I became interested in creative writing, for as far as I can recall I have enjoyed putting my thoughts on paper. I'm sure, however, that the summer conferences I attended and the worship services at Youth Fellowship have contributed a great deal. Creative writing means a chance to share ideas with others. It means a chance to give your thoughts and feelings away to others to keep, not just for a moment, but until the paper crumbles. But most of all, it helps you make your ideas clear to yourself, to give when you can see your own words in black and white they seem to be much clearer. I used my essay *A Question of Faith* (page 21-22) during a Fellowship worship service once, and what I found to make it special is that it made the listener really stop and think about what the Bible means to him.

CHARACTERS (All Negroes)

Claude Klux Klan—a practical, realistic southerner.

Maggie Mothers—mother, patriot, churchgoer, and the whole bit.

Elmira Spinstress—fussy, middle-aged spinster; owner of the apartment building.

Clarence—wishy-washy, blundering, stammering protagonist.

First three characters march in carrying lightweight folding-type chairs and mechanically sit in a semicircle. Clarence stumbles in a few seconds later, dragging his chair, coughing and muttering. First three characters simultaneously fold arms, cross legs, and sigh.

CLARENCE: I guess I'm a little late. Gee, I'm sorry I'm a little late. I didn't mean to ruin the beginning of your play. I really didn't. (*Unsympathetic glares from first three.*) Gee, folks (*to audience*), I guess they're kind of mad at me cuz I ruined the beginning of their play. But actually this isn't a play anyway. At least it's not a very good one. See, I only like realistic plays, but this one? Well, it's not that the author didn't write good lines or nothing. It's just that she kind of mixed the whole thing up. But then, she's kind of mixed up anyway. Why, she doesn't even know what's going on in this world. Wait'll you hear the crazy talk she has us saying. And me especially. She has me saying some real whoppers! See I'm supposed to be the protagonist. I guess that's the good guy. Well, anyway, you're all supposed to agree with most of the stuff I say. But let me tell you, it's just crazy talk, so don't bother at all about believing me. Even *I* don't believe me, so don't you bother about it either.

ELMIRA: (*sharply.*) Clarence. Enough of your jabbering. Now we're wasting time. I'd like to hurry up and get this thing over with if you don't mind.

CLARENCE: Yes, Elmira.

ELMIRA: Well? Are you going to introduce us, or just let us sit here all day?

CLARENCE: Introduce. Oh yes! Where I say your names you mean. (*She nods.*) Well, on my extreme right, we have M

Claude Klux Klan. We call him Ku for short. Then comes Mrs. Maggie Mothers. She's the nice homey sort of all-American Mom. You know, PTA, Ladies Aid, the works. And last we have Miss Elmira Spinstress. Miss Spinstress owns a rather nice apartment building in a rather nice section of town. But Miss Spinstress is faced with a problem, so she has asked us, her tenants, to come and discuss this with her. (*He hits down in his chair.*)

ELMIRA: My friends, I have an important decision to make, and I thought it only fair to ask you all over here to discuss it with me. After all, you're the ones who are going to have to live with him.

MAGGIE: Live with who, Elmira?

ELMIRA: Well, his name is Mr. Brown, but I'm afraid that he's just not one of us. He's a (*embarrassed pause*)—a White man.

CLAUDE: (*Sharply.*) Wait a minute! You said live with him. You don't mean he wanted to rent an apartment here do you?

ELMIRA: Well, those were his intentions, and that's what I wanted to discuss with you.

CLAUDE: Discuss? There's simply nothing to discuss! He moves in and we move out. I simply will not live under the same roof as some pale weak little albino!

MAGGIE: Now, now, Claude, let's not be so rash. Let's think this through without prejudice and bias. Of course I will admit that there would be certain problems involved. Of course it's not that I'm prejudiced or anything, but there is the possibility that his children will want to marry ours and then where will we be? I mean if they happen to fall in love, we're just done for! It's not that I'm against love or anything, but think of of the children. I mean I wouldn't want those people to weaken the strain. I hear that the children would just get lighter and lighter every generation.

CLARENCE: Oh, I don't mean to interrupt, Mrs. Mothers, but I heard that his son is away at college now, so there wouldn't really be that much to worry about. At least it don't really seem so anyway . . .

CLAUDE: College! Well fancy that! Little sir smarty pants thinks he

can just push everyone out of his way by reading a few books?

And where does this academic genius matriculate?

CLARENCE: I heard that he goes to Ole Miss.

ALL THREE: Ole Miss!!!

CLARENCE: Yup. But he sure had himself a peck of troubles trying to get in there! Took federal troops and everything, I heard.

ELMIRA: Humph. Ole Miss! (*Back to original subject.*) Well Mr. Brown's son really has nothing to do with the issue here. I'd still like to find out a few things before I decide. Mr. Klux Klan, you used to live in the South. I was wondering: are the white people there as messy as I've heard they are? I mean I wouldn't want a tenant here who'd mess up the building or anything.

CLAUDE: Messy! Why, they don't even know how to keep their places clean! But then they drive around in big shiny cars like they owned the world or something. Boy, you just can't keep them in their place when they've got those big cars to show off in! I wouldn't let one of them come within ten miles of this apartment building if I were you.

CLARENCE: I was just wondering while you were talking, I mean it was just a thought, mind you, but I was just wondering if maybe we let Mr. Brown move into a nice place like this and let him have a nice apartment, if maybe he might be kind of proud of having a nice place and everything. and if maybe he'd keep it all fixed up and neat. Cause I heard that if they try to fix up their apartments with paint and stuff, then the landlord can just raise the rent. Just like Miss Spinstress did when I bought a new refrigerator. (*She coughs, embarrassed.*) And like you said about the fancy cars. Sure they keep them looking nice, because people *see* their cars but nobody ever goes in their houses. But maybe they just have to have a place they can be proud of, that's all, just a nice place to be proud of.

MAGGIE: Well this may be true, Clarence, but frankly, I'd rather not take the chance. After all, it's not just that I'd mind personally because I really wouldn't care, but it's a matter of health and sanitation. Why if they didn't keep the place clean, there would be all kinds of germs and things and who knows what dreadful diseases my children might catch? I mean those people are so susceptible to so many things that they could start a regular *epidemic* or something.

CLARENCE: I don't quite understand something. What did you mean by that word, suscepti . . . , susetip . . . ?

MAGGIE: Susceptible?

CLAUDE: (*Interrupting.*) What I think she means, my plebeian friend, is that the white people, being biologically inferior to us, are more apt to catch a variety of diseases to which we would be immune because of our superior strength and ability to secrete antibacterial enzymes.

MAGGIE: I have heard that we are physically superior, but is that really true?

CLAUDE: Why certainly! Why do you suppose our skin is so much darker and healthier? Why they don't even have the ability to produce enough skin pigment to hide their ugly purpley-blue veins. Their pale, anemic look is due to iron-poor blood and their straight limp hair is due to an unhealthy scalp condition.

CLARENCE: I don't like to be disagreeable, because I think everyone's entitled to his own opinion. And this is a democracy, so you can say what you want and everything, but I always sort of thought that the white people just didn't really need as much color, because they lived where it was colder or something and something about that they didn't need to keep out of the sun's rays. I mean like I sort of thought it all had something to do with adapting to a climate or something. Not really so much that they're inferior or anything.

(*The following three speeches overlap:*)

CLAUDE: You're trying to tell me that they're not inferior?

ELMIRA: Well it's not so much that he'd be inferior, but would he be clean?

MAGGIE: I'm not worried about myself, mind you, it's just that my children . . . (*All continue arguing, and quietly pantomime an argument until Clarence addresses them.*)

CLARENCE: (*Stands up and faces audience.*) You see what I mean about this play? It's all just lines with no action or excitement. I don't even get to murder anyone or anything. Well, the play's supposed to go on and on until Miss Spinstress decides whether or not to let Mr. Brown move in, but I'm tired of this whole thing. So I don't know about the rest of you actors, but I'm going home—(*looks back and forth*) if I can remember where it is. (*He stumbles off in same manner as entrance, then the other three mechanically march out same as entrance.*) ▼

Gabriel blew in one night. It was with a tin whistle, and nobody paid any attention, because he didn't have a blue cop uniform.

Poor Gabriel—he should have known better. Or is it poor world; when are they going to open their eyes? Human beings are funny that way.

If a graying man with a well-shaped mustache enters the world from a '64 Stingray and announces that bloodshot red will be the exciting new color this season, everybody believes him. All accept his opinion as law, and fanatically obey it.

But if a wrinkled old man, who sits in the sun because it's warm and makes him remember nice things, says to a group of young'uns that hating is useless, and revenge is wrong, and asks if it is so terrible to do something that makes another person feel good, they laugh. They laugh and push past him. What does he know? He never even finished grammar school; he probably only wants to be pitied.

This is the way our society goes, down and around, down and around. Nobody forms his own opinion anymore. Everybody's cautious nowadays; it's safer. Besides, who wants to be laughed at?

Who is the person everybody believes? Someone who matches his own paradoxical criterion: a beautiful face, hoards of money, stunning clothes, strong fists, or one with many influential friends.

One must look right to be right.

That's why no one listened to Gabriel . . . angels . . . really now . . . ANGELS? ▼

It is after supper and the beach is almost empty. The sun is behind me as I walk down the stairs to the sand, but I can see its reflection in the water, left from the receding tide. My sneakers squeak in the soft sand—the sand that once served as frosting on a sand cake. Now I reach the hard sand. It feels firm beneath my feet, and I want to run—run as fast as I can—to the water's edge, but now that, too, has become a memory, and I walk slowly.

Soon I reach the water and I take off my shoes to wade. It is cold (it always is) until my feet become numb enough to disregard it. I walk towards the rocks feeling the wet sand between my toes and the occasional pull of an undertow.

As I walk in the water, I look back, over the long stretch of beach to the setting sun. A gull flies into the pink sky. My eyes fall on some writing in the sand which reminds me of the trails I once drew with a long stick. They were the roads for the castle and miniature villages.

Ahead of me, a gull bobs on an incoming wave. Its feathers are wet from ducking for food. A comrade is walking near the water's edge, but, as I draw nearer, it walks away, eyeing me cynically.

I reach the rocks and unconsciously look for starfish clasping a rock, or a crab hiding beneath the soft sand in the small pools. I begin to climb, carefully, avoiding the barnacles, until I reach the pinnacle and stand, with the wind blowing in my

face, facing the open sea. Each wave seems to hug the rocks before sliding back to meet another. I watch, silently, for a long time, hearing only the soft lapping of the waves on the shore and the splash on the rocks.

Now I must leave. As I walk back, I can see the lighthouse on the point. It is hard to distinguish in the oncoming dusk. I remember the day of the storm when the rain was heavy and the tide ran high. I was walking then, too, with the rain in my face, and laughing. I could see the piles of seaweed, left by the tide, through the fog that had rolled in, and then the rainbow, luminous tones of color that arched over the houses. The scattered lights that are being turned on remind me of the bonfires that lined the beach, bright spots of golden yellow and fiery red that shone in the night. I realize that I have been running—and I stop abruptly.

There is no storm in reality, but night has come. The dark sky twinkles with tiny lights and a thin sliver of a moon hangs silently between them. Lights shine in windows along the road and along the point, leading to the scarlet jewel of Nubble Light that shines across the waters. I thrust my hands in my blazer pockets against the coolness of the approaching season, and walk towards the cottage. Darkness has closed her doors on another day—and another summer. ▼

I'd like to touch just for a moment on a subject that is near and dear to all our hearts . . . school. Although most of us would never admit it, it is kind of good to get back into the familiar pattern of getting up early, going to school, forgetting to buy bus tickets, losing homework papers, and cramming for exams at 8:30 in the morning.

In almost every school and in almost every course, English is a required subject, and unless you are a very lucky person you will have a teacher who loves book reports.

I'm going to put to you a very odd question, and though it may sound ridiculous at first, if you think about it for awhile, it becomes quite reasonable. Did the thought ever cross your mind to read the *Bible* for a book report? How would you classify it? You'd have to be careful because you would be classifying yourself at the same time. Would you say the Bible was a love story, for example? Yes. Or a mystery? Yes. Would you call it a book of short stories? Yes. Is it science fiction? Well, it certainly mentions apparitions, and there are parts in the Bible that to this day are unexplainable. Is the Bible a European novel of wars and battles? Yes. Then it must be a history text. Yes.

So far the Bible has been all of these things. To many people, it means just one of them. Some people read the Bible for guidance, others read it for reference. Some people *enjoy* the Bible stories and read them as they would a collection of essays or letters. Some people don't read the Bible at all.

There's only one question that can really classify the Bible and how you answer it will tell volumes and volumes about you. It will tell why you act the way you do and why you say the things you say, why you dream or why you challenge men's deeds. The question is definitely one of opinion. If you met it on a test it would read: In your opinion, is the Bible fiction or non-fiction? Give examples for your answer.

What determines the answer? I'll tell you. The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Does that sound complicated? It's only simple faith. If your faith is strong, you would classify the Bible as non-fiction. Your actions would be guided by the laws of God. You would think before you speak. You would live the words of the Bible, not just read them. I'm not talking about customs carried out in biblical times that would be impractical today, such as not looking in the mirror on Sunday because one might see a grey hair, and to pull it out would be work. I'm talking about your over-all faith in the work of the Lord.

If you classify the Bible as fiction, your speech, your actions, and your personality as a whole would be nearly unaffected by the laws and teachings of Christ.

Another question that might need an answer in order to write this book report would be: who was the author? You know how sometimes you can't think of a thing to write and you have at least a page and a half to go? Well, you could fill it up with nothing but names of the authors of the Bible, or you could simply say that it was written by various wise men—editor-in-chief unknown.

Some take the Bible very lightly in this modern day and age, and without stretching the imagination too far, I can see its debut as a movie spectacular at Radio City Hall—written, produced and directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Unless my memory fails me, there is a little bookstore next to Radio City that would jump at the chance to cash in on a spectacular such as this. They would undoubtedly have a sign in the window that would read, "You've seen the movie—now read the book."

TV writers of variety shows couldn't pass up the chance to lampoon Mr. DeMille's latest theatrical efforts. Picture, if you will, a skit on the Garry Moore Show. There would be Garry Moore and Durward Kirby in the uniforms of the U.S. Army, standing at the edge of the Red Sea, trying to figure out the least expensive way to get their men and supplies and equipment to the other side. General Kirby would demand a satisfactory solution of Lt. Moore. The latter, seeming to be under terrific pressure, would nervously pull out a Bible from his back pocket and say to his commanding officer, "Just a minute, Sir, while I consult my manual on Red Sea crossings."

Ten years after this fictitious spectacular would have been released it would no doubt be shown on TV's late, late, late show in two installments, of course, with the Old Testament first. At the end of part one, the announcer would say, "Be sure not to miss the coming of Christ next Saturday night, 11:15 P.M. Eastern time, 10:15 Central time."

Yes, the Bible has and always will mean different things to different people. To some people, the Bible is just a book to dust off and place on the table when the minister comes to call. To others, it is a guide and constant reminder of their responsibilities to themselves, to their fellowmen and to their God. Do you know what it means to you? Would you read it for a book report? How would you classify it? ▼



LEAH GURRIE, CHICAGO, ILL. AGE 17/ I made this wine sculpture (*Matured Grace*, page 24) last winter for the class of winning for a Pioneer Fellowship award ceremony. It was originally supposed to have sent the class brought out by a group of 10 teenagers in a meeting at which we used art as a recreational means of communicating and learning about Easter. The next night out of pure wine and 22 small shells. I used fine sand to symbolize the wounds of Christ's hands, feet and side. The 22 shells, which found their way from some of the wine members of the church, who have a meaning. I believe that the idea of pain of tortures is very similar to the crowd of 2,000 years ago they both can be instruments of death. I purposely used the shells to suggest that any instrument of death can be changed into a symbol of life, as the grapes had become. *Matured Grace* is also covered with small teardrops made of glass, but these do not show up in the photo.



BRAD SWINDERMAN, DOVER, OHIO. AGE 14/ My grandfather was an artist and was making the house of living for. I took over the room of a replica of the Argosy, which was an English trading vessel. Since it was about 75 years old I had to treat it with respect and I discovered that I could work with very fine and intricate things. (*Old English House*, page 25) was a project for my eighth grade American History class. Most of the students made models, but I wanted to make a replica of the Argosy. Everyone said I could not do it and for a while it looked like they might be right, because after I had the base built and was up to the dome the dome was so heavy that it kept collapsing the walls underneath it. I finally strengthened the base by adding more steel and eventually until it supported the top. I spent about 75 hours on it. It was displayed in our school library for a while and then in the Dover Public Library.



WARREN RIDGLEY, MT. AIRY, MD. AGE 18/ My interest in sculpture was begun last year when our art teacher assigned a special project at the beginning of the year. We were to bring in a log and make anything we wished. I wasn't sure what I was making at the time, but I ended up with this art creation! (*Surreality*, page 26)



JANE GUNTHER, BUCYRUS, OHIO. AGE 16/ I have been interested in creative art since I was a child. I always used to work with my hands. Now I am not a very talented writer or speaker, but I do have the talent for my thoughts. My entry (*Identity*, page 27) was inspired by the Madonna and Child which is to be a present for my grandmother. The figure is a wood carving made from the trunk of our last Christmas tree. The girl sits was achieved by sanding and staining.



JANICE PALMER, BATTLE CREEK, MICH. AGE 19/ I have been interested in creative art expression, in my eyes, hands and body, under the guidance of my excellent high school art teacher. He constantly challenged me to create things as well as them. This led to a continuous experimentation with new ideas and materials, always finding the new ways to express the things I see. (*Reflections*, page 28) was created to show how two ideas may appear to be alike, but are actually quite different.

MODERN CROSS/By Leah Gurrie



OF-BY-FOR-THE PEOPLE/By Brad Swinderman







SERENITY/By Jane Guinther



REFLECTIONS/By Janice Palmer



SUSAN DICKE, NEW BREMEN, OHIO. AGE 18/ I became interested in writing poetry in first grade. The interest and encouragement of a teacher led me to write *Autumn* (page 31). I believe creative expression helps a person grow. He learns to know himself while he is trying to tell others how he feels. He thinks deeply about his subjects. Even if the product of this thinking is not a good piece of art, it is very worthwhile to have the creator have gained self-understanding. I believe self-understanding is very important to young people.



RIC SWANSON, WILMETTE, ILL. AGE 16/ I suppose that I first became interested in creative expression during my seventh grade year when my class completed a unit on creative writing and poetry, and our teacher allowed us to do some writing ourselves. I plan to take a creative writing course in school this fall and I hope to learn many new skills. I feel that writing is one of the most effective means of communication for portraying situations and expressing concepts, moods and feelings. My particular entry (*Night Wind*, page 32) evolved from an interesting and inspiring night that I experienced while vacationing in Duar County, Wis., last summer.



LYNN ADAMS, BILLINGS, MONT. AGE 16/ I write poetry when I don't feel like doing anything ordinary and stupid like going to bed on time. Some of my thoughts sound silly to me in prose, while they sound much more true to me when I put them in poetry. In poetry I don't have to defend! "Fear" (page 33) comes from three vivid memories of mine. The first verse is how I felt after I hit my little brother and was waiting for him to hit me back. The second is a trick of my imagination one hot summer night. The third is me happily at play in the park. I don't remember if my brother hit me, or if there were any wasps, or whether I fell off the merry-go-round. I only remember the fear. My ways of feeling fear haven't changed very much since I was small. That's why my poem means something to me.



BONNIE J. HARVEY, CLEVELAND, OHIO. AGE 17/ "Creative expression, I feel," is vital in everyday life. Usually, strange as it may seem, I can more fully express what I want either very late at night or very early in the morning. It is a wonderful feeling to see the beauty of nature and then try to capture the feeling and mood of it. I also enjoy writing in the physical light, as in *Quest for Truth* (page 33). I have realized the point where I no longer accept the world around me as being ordinary or common, but as a complex sort of miracle housing many wonders and many mysteries. One of the greatest mysteries is life itself, but it is a mystery so complex that the more we try to comprehend it the more puzzled we become.



WILLIAM E. BEHRNT, EXTON, PA. AGE 18/ Any, or creative expression, has a way of giving my reaction to experiences and ideas. What's more, I try to paint or write. My entry *Broad and Beautiful* (page 34) is important to me for two reasons. First, it is about a community trapped not in Victorian houses but in Victorian ideas which form social barriers or high walls. Second, it is an experiment in an improved style which I was developing at the time it was written. I have written better poems since, but this poem has a meaning in its content which I hope overcomes any shortcomings in style.



VICKI VAN HORN, POTTSTOWN, PA. AGE 16 / "Poetry is my medium of scrutiny, analysis and expression. All my striking experiences have been recorded in poetic form, and many people I meet have pages of silly couplets devoted to them as I learn to know them. I have also written many poems in which I toy with new vocabulary acquired in Latin, French, English, algebra and geometry. Poetry is very personal to me and occasionally replaces correspondence. 'Doff That Coif' (page 35) is a silly, rambling type commentary written from a boy's point of view. At several dances I did scientific observation of several such phenomena. It's so funny to see a moonstruck boy with his hand in the hair of his beloved suddenly become aware of the adhesive texture and random pins. It provides good justification for chivalry's death. In days of old there wasn't any hairspray!"



KAREN M. ALDRIDGE, NORTH CANTON, OHIO. AGE 15 / "Only this past school year did I become interested in poetry as a means of expressing my inner thoughts. It was my English teacher who instilled in me this desire to express myself through poetry. As a matter of fact, I wrote 'The Hypocrites' (page 36) as an English assignment. I am constantly aware of the inconsistencies in life, especially in my own. We try to impress our parents, fellow churchmen, and teachers with the false idea that we are quite virtuous. Then, when we are out with the crowd we throw off our mask of righteousness and do and say the very things we profess to be evil. These thoughts guided me in writing 'The Hypocrites.'"



BEVERLY LYON, LANESBOROUGH, MASS. AGE 15 / "While we were studying poetry this year in English class we were required to write several poems, and I found I enjoyed writing poetry. I decided to write some outside of class, and one of these is 'The Glittering Ones' (page 37). The Roman Empire, as it existed immediately before its downfall, has always intrigued me—especially comparisons which can be drawn between the life of its people and the life of people in modern society. Although 'The Glittering Ones' is intended to depict Roman life, there are certain aspects which are also descriptive of life in our present society."



KATHRYN BARBER, HOLDEN, MASS. AGE 17 / "As Faith Chairman in my local Pilgrim Fellowship, I noticed the lack of unusual and appropriate material for worship services. The Director of Education at my church encouraged me to write my own material for one of the services. The attempt at shaping my thoughts and experiences into words and communicating these to other people has been very satisfying. 'Little Man' (page 38) was the last of several pieces I wrote. In this poem I tried to express my wonder that man could try so diligently to disobey the laws of nature and God, and should simultaneously mold his life to fit the lesser laws of men."



NANCY PELIKAN, ST. LOUIS, MO. AGE 17 / "For as long as I can remember I have been constantly scribbling down phrases and vivid impressions in hope that some day I will be able to work these isolated ideas into a central theme. This is a rather backward approach to poetry, but it has worked quite well. In fact, 'Aspirations' (page 39) is an example of an isolated feeling—a definite rhythm which annoyed me for three hours until I decided it was useless to try to sleep. I finally satisfied that 'demand for rhythm' one morning at one a.m. The poem itself needs no explanation. There is no one who at some time in life is not frighteningly aware that all those things to be done can hardly be squeezed into the little time we have."

I'm fifteen.
I'm young.
I'm in love with life.
I greet the dawn with a glow of enthusiasm.
Each day brings new and exciting experiences
And changing emotions.

I laugh
 At kittens playing,
 At funny things people say,
 At foolish things I do.
I cry
 When reading a tender love story,
 At disappointment too great for my youth to bear,
 For no reason at all.

I love
 The beauty of Nature,
 To walk barefoot through the grass with the wind
 blowing through my hair,
 The fact that I'm alive.

I hate
 Myself for saying and doing things that hurt my
 friends and loved ones.

I feel the pain of a broken friendship.
I worry about what people think of me.
I think about the future.
I ponder over my changing emotions.
I hope for success and happiness in life.

I'm fifteen.
I'm young.
I'm in love with life.

outgoing
water hit
incoming
wave with a
muffled roll
of hoar tide

a hard raw
shoreward wind
penetrated
our clothing
and rasped our
squinted faces
as we gazed
to see
the churning
livid murk
spew spray
from froth-bleached
crests of surf
to mingle
with the stars

I gently
squeezed the cold-
fingered hand
entangled
in mine

and huddled
Her shivering
shoulders in
the cover
of my arm
(gently as
a small bird
under wing)

soft sable
flowing hair
mixed thickly
with wind
silked my face

We discerned
cozy lights
—little land stars—
across
the black
beamy bay

We stood
wrapped in wind
and shivered
(slightly)
Together

Fear
is a child with toothpick arms
palms out
eyes screwed shut
flinching at a threatened blow
without a sound.

Fear
is a child huddled like stone
in a bed
never moving
because she knows there are wasps
in the sheets.

Fear
is a child with two fists clenched
to the bar
getting dizzy
the merry-go-round is spinning
too fast.

QUEST FOR TRUTH BY BONNIE J. HARVEY

The ways and means I can see;
I know that life and death must be.
Yet I cannot, myself, believe
That death must be life's destiny.

Oh death, your sting! Oh life, your loss!
But Christ too, carried a heavy cross.
Oh Jesus, why must death only be
Where we learn *life's* mystery?

Row on row
of dried blood brick rise with ancient stone
to wall the streets in rusted red
of houses
old
in wear and years.
Their pride is hurt
poor things.

Once
proud in state
now
low in rent
they hide their colored shame
'neath
tinted glass,
rococo shapes
and rusted wrought iron rail.

Men of jet and chocolate brown
men of ocher tan,
these are the buildings' bane and pain
these are the refuse
hidden here
by
better class of men.

So buildings stand
High walls of brick,
Though carved in fancy form
Hide here the waste
But waste themselves
Their pride is hurt—
poor things.

I love you welly do I love
I scrinch though when I look above
Mon cher
Your hair
Your teased locks resist my touch
I think that you have sprayed much
The flower smell attracts the bees
You harbor unemployèd fleas
The ends are split and tortured skyward
Your flip is deadly please take my word
Once I went to see a movie
I thought their hug was really groovy
The next day when I kissed your lips
I learned the secret of all flips
I found the hair pin which impales
One's hand from wrist to fingernails
I bled profusely
What's the usely
I love you dear but oh your hair
I know the danger lurking there
Tell me darling by the way
Why aren't you like Doris Day
Her hair is not in deadly fins
It doesn't harbor sharpened pins
No more will I believe that story
That praises woman's crowning glory
Sweetest dear to you I swear
I love you much but not your hair

Come on everybody! We are the right
ones, the chaste ones, the good ones,
the pious ones, the clean ones.
Come on everybody! Let's show 'em what
we're like:

You should hear us defend the Negro.
We're with him all the way. Give him
his rights! Hallelujah, brother!

We show our disgust and abhorrence at
the very mention of that repulsive act—
smoking. Oh, how horrible!

We go to church every Sunday and even
usher at the services. Isn't that a sacri-
fice!

We are the pride and joy of our parents,
school, church, and town. Goody,
goody!

Come on everybody! No one's looking now!
Jump in the rod, pull out the booze, and
let's have some fun.

Last one in is a nigger!

Hey, how about a light.

Whoopee! This is really living!

Hey, fellows, take a look! I think he's
actually praying for guidance or some-
thing. Good Lord, what a square!

Now listen, if we come upon anyone we
know, hide the booze, ditch the fags,
and just remember:

We are the right ones, the chaste ones, the
good ones, the pious ones, the clean ones.

Laughter bubbled from the depths
Of ivory throats enshrined in gold,
And as the laughter bubbled up
So also did the champagne cold.

This wine was likewise flowing down
Past ruby lips and pearl-like teeth,
And morsels of a gourmet's choice
Were daintily plucked to eat.

Glitt'ring gold of silken hair,
And so, too, of brocaded gown,
Out-sparked the silver of the plate;
And soon the first had fallen down.

The feast progressed until the last
Had glided underneath with drink;
The servants cleared the table off
And did not bother twice to think.

The morning came, then afternoon;
The revelers of the night before
Awakened—yawning—then set out
To dress, to eat, to drink some more.

Little man, sitting on the world, little man;
 Swirled in dizzy circle,
 Subject to the sun,
 Held in space
 By the Great Unknown.
 Married to the earth,
 Bordered by the sea,
 Encompassed by the air
 And gigantic Entity.

Damned eternal law, says little man.

In a rut, little man, in a rut;

 Security number,
 House number,
 Phone and
 Grade.

 Zone number,
 Code number,
 Credit and
 Aid.

 Statistics,
 Mathematics,
 Probability,
 I. Q.

There's not a creature on the earth, little man,
 Like you.

I want to fling off the shadow and kiss the dawn,
to question, to answer, to know,
To drop a spark on a smothered soul,
to find, to follow, to show.

I long for a chance to clear the mist,
to fathom, to search, to lead,
To ascend to the heights of armored faith,
to want, to hope, to need.

I want to open my mind, my heart, my hands,
to glitter, to sizzle, to give,
To catch a star, to hold a cloud,
to be, to love, to live.



GAIL BURWEN, DANVERS, MASS. AGE 18 / "One day I saw a detail of Seurat's 'Une Baignade.' I was so delighted with its color and style that I copied it in pastels and framed it. This was the earliest realization that I wanted to make art my life's work. My aim is to be a serious art student; to some day understand nature completely. My 'Sea Sketch' (pages 42-43) was painted after I had begun an oil on canvas. I discovered that I was not drawing accurately with my brushes, that shapes were indefinite. The sketch was then done quickly, but with form and clarity of color which the original painting lacked. Gail also did the cover of YOUTH magazine which is entitled "Black and White" and made from cut paper.



DARLINE CREED, FLORISSANT, MO. AGE 14 / "My father is an architect. I became interested in drawing from watching him. Since then, I have loved to draw. One of our art projects at school this year was linoleum block printing. My entry (Lazy, Hazy Day, page 44) is a print of one of the blocks carved. There is a farm next to my school. The view from the window looks peaceful. It brings to mind a lazy, quiet setting. I pictured a child resting under a big, shady tree after exhausting himself in play. I believe creative expression is the most satisfying way for me to express the way I see and feel.



DAVID BEYHL, DUBUQUE, IOWA, AGE 17 / "When I entered the art class at Dubuque Senior High School, my instructor aroused my interest in 'prints.' This was mainly the beginning of my interest in art, and it was also the first time I knew how to use my creativity in conjunction with my imagination. That word 'creative' explains how I feel toward my work and about my work. It is a feeling which makes me confident in having the ability to sense the value of my work. I chose these entries (Damp Figure, page 45, and Churn, page 50), especially, for their originality and creativeness. In the future I plan to extend my education in art."



JOAN MC CALL, LANSDALE, PA. AGE 17 / "I feel that art is a marvelous gift from God to both the artist and the viewer because it stimulates imagination, something that we too often neglect to exercise. It is also an outlet for and a communication of emotion. Personally, art has made me more aware of my fellow men and my surroundings (Storm, page 49). The 'Portrait of a Stranger' (page 46) was my violent reaction to a sad but true story of someone my own age, but to me it represents the confusion of many people. I have enjoyed art as long as I can remember, but I did not consider it seriously until I entered Junior High School. This fall I will enter Philadelphia College of Art. I plan to major in illustration or advertising design."



TERRY HOLMES, RAYTOWN, MO. AGE 17/ I became interested in painting but only when I found some books on art from a friend at the library. The paintings were interesting and the most were by modern painters. So then I have taken a serious study of Modern, Oriental, Primitive and Modern art in order to get a better means of expression. I found that I can best express my feelings about people, the world and life in general through painting. My greatest reason for painting, however, is for the pure enjoyment of it. While I was experimenting with abstract expression, I painted "Revolutionary" (75) (page 47). Here I tried to express the violent reaction of Washington against the world in which he was living as opposed to the conventional view of him as a stoic statesman. I believe he was as a revolutionary, turning with a passion for change and willing to put himself into the struggle without thought of personal ability. The intense swirling red of the face conveys an idea of his energy and feeling whereas a conventional portrait with precise features would not reveal the revolutionary aspect of his personality.



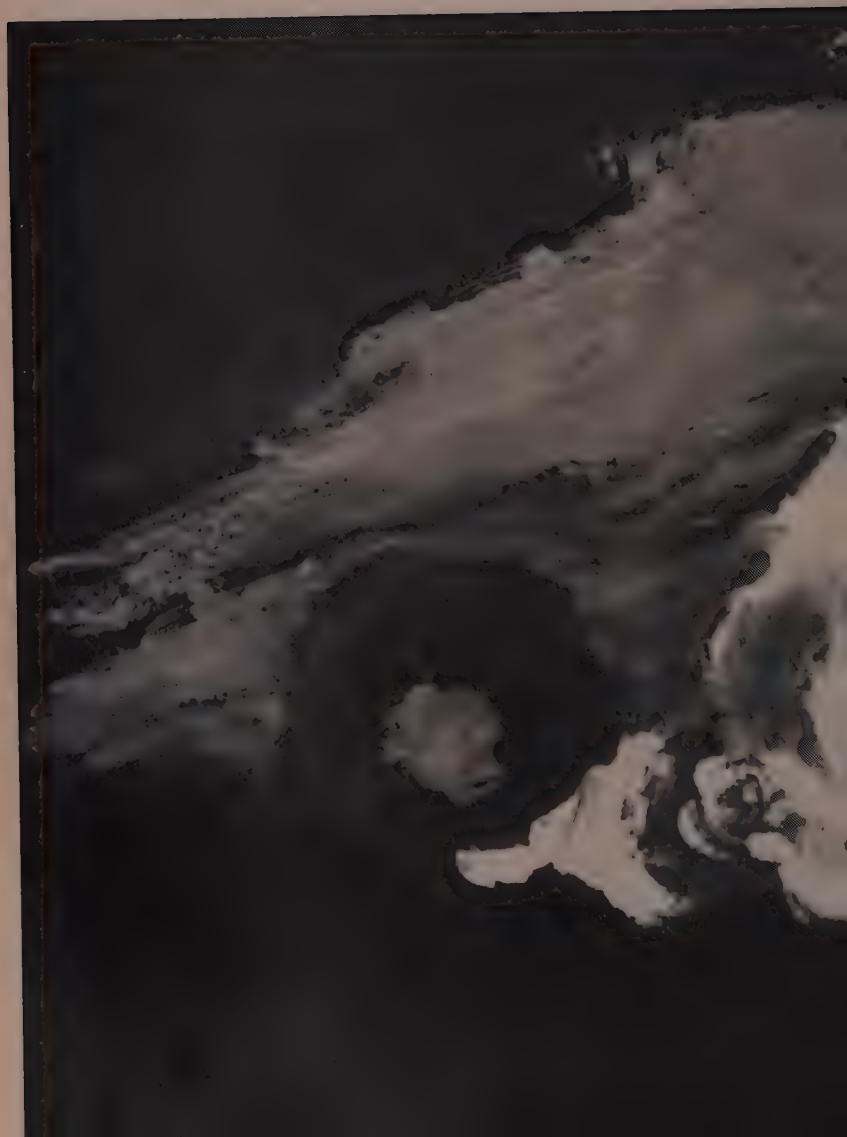
JUDY BELZ, AFTON, MINN. AGE 19/ Finding that my entry for the Creative Arts Award Competition is being considered for publication makes me very proud and happy. I am participating in an orchestra all year at the Farquhar Summer School of Christian Education at this time. During the school year I am a student at Hamline University in St. Paul, Minn. and am interested in going into the field of religious art as a profession. The work Christy (page 47) is part of a planned triptych depicting the center saving



BETHANY ANNER, BUFFALO, N.Y., AGE 14/ I have always been interested in nature and my feelings is art work. My hobby 'Country Farm' page 48 is a partial view of a farm across the creek from my home. This page captured me others in when I was looking out the back window of my bedroom and I captured the real beauty of an old farm.



ANNE BARR, SUMMIT, N.J. AGE 18/ I am interested in creating art to show my soul is an artist and I have always assumed that I would become one as well. I am striving towards that and grew at the Syracuse University School of Art. By using the traditional form of a portrait, I tried to show in The "Christian" (Christ) image all the types of the human Christian world. The central picture (God the Mother Christ) and the Child but in a new period was suggested by Melancholy. The poor, Jesus with the Virgin and St. John. When the two smaller boys are first, family the symbols of the other people. On the left are two young boys, wearing the best of Syracuse University, symbols of conformity and materialism. In the center is a peace button, peace is love. To the right is a Ku Klux Klansman wearing a Playboy shirt. Overhead is a minus button to contrast with the love or equality button. Half the medicine. Half the empty tradition. Half the Pain (L&L)



SEA SKETCH/By Gail Burwen



LAZY, HAZY DAY/By Darline Creed





DAMP FIGURE/By David Beyhl



PORTRAIT OF A STRANGER/By Joan McCall



REVOLUTIONARY 1775/By Terry Holmes



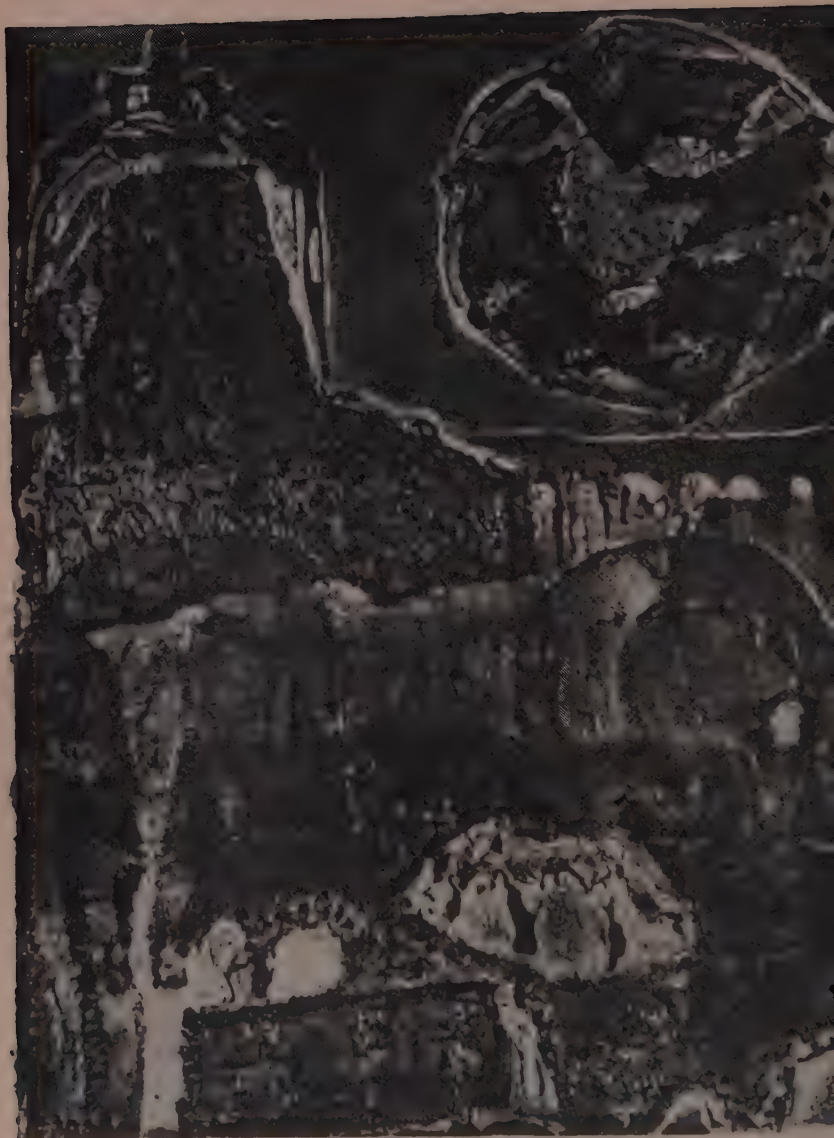
CHRISTOS/By Judy Belz

COUNTRY FARM / By Bethany Anner



STORM/By Joan McCall





CHURCH/By David Beyhl



THE "CHRISTIAN" CHURCH/By Anne Barr



ANN HEISLER, WATERTOWN, MASS. AGE 17 / "The world is so full of beauty and joy, ugliness and pain, feeling. I not only want to write, I need and have to share my opinions and my feelings about the things I view happening around and about me. Teenagers as a whole have so much in common and yet they can be blind to each other's feelings. It is so easy to criticize others. Sometimes in trying to understand them one can find out a lot about oneself. And it can hurt. The girl in 'She Loves You, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah' (pages 53-54) discovering this."



DENISE BUKOWSKI, ROCHESTER, N. Y. AGE 17 / "My seventh grade English teacher first centered my attention on creative writing. Though I had a long time enjoyed conjuring up ideas and writing them in poetry or prose never before had tried to develop any writing skills. This teacher had me begin a journal, which he criticized regularly, and began 'coaching' me. The following year I wrote a short story which he thought had potential, and we spent the entire summer studying and reworking that story. I mailed it to several magazines, but it was never published. 'The Lamp' (pages 55-57) was written in my junior year for an advanced writing course. Though it is completely fiction, its inspiration came from just such a lamp which I had in my bedroom. In September I enter Boston University, majoring in English and looking forward hopefully, to a career in writing."



ROGER PAUL MARTIN, ST. LOUIS, MO. AGE 18 / "I first became interested in creative writing about a year and half ago. It was then that I looked about me and made my own personal 'discovery' of the world. For the first time I realized that there were other things, and people besides myself, living in it. My story was inspired as I gazed down the alley out of the back window of my house one evening. I saw some movers carrying furniture out of a run-down house. What impressed me most was the frequency with which this type of occurrence. Putting my imagination 'in gear,' the narrative 'Moving Day' (pages 57-59) was the result."



DAVE GRIMES, GREENSBORO, N.C. AGE 17 / "Seeing a deformed boy eating alone in the cafeteria at school disturbed me greatly. I tried repeatedly to win his friendship, but he repelled every advance. Imagining the which awaited this misshapen person, and finding Luke 6: 20-22 little consolation. I formulated the basis of this short story (The Price of a Pencil, pages 59-61) at about one o'clock in the morning. During classes the next day, and in bit spare time, I managed to form the story's body. Having determined the content, I decided an 'in medias res' beginning would be appropriate, and for ending I borrowed a technique ably used by a native of Greensboro, William Sydney Porter. Writing is my favorite vehicle for conveying new thoughts and concepts to others. Often I long to reach out and embrace the whole world, yet I feel so inadequate when I attempt to translate this emotion into cold, hard words."



DOUG PETTY, COVINGTON, KY. AGE 18 / "Whether in the form of pop art, jazz or the short story, creative expression will make us more sensitive to the pulse of young America, a pulse that represents 50 per cent of the population. As a youth in a free society which is rapidly losing its freedom, I want to become sensitive to this pulse. Creative expression, crude as it may be, is the only way I know to communicate with my generation, the only way to reach my generation: 'Do you share my doubts and fears? Where is our faith in the future? How long will man neglect his spirit for technology?' These are questions I would ask my generation before it becomes blind, bitter and callous. I am an artist, but merely a doubting teenager making a desperate attempt to find love with life and with the other three billion people in the world. In the short story 'The Commuters' (pages 61-63) I am saying: Man's neglect of his spirit and concentration on technology will ultimately lead to his total extermination."

SHE LOVES YOU, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH BY ANN HEISLER

She was at a dance when she saw the boy again. He was a kid she'd known a long time. He wasn't outstandingly brilliant or exceedingly stupid. He was there. Always just there. Why she noticed him she never knew exactly. Maybe it was because once, while standing on a corner waiting for a bus, they had both seen a girl they knew run up to a boy and kiss him and had simultaneously looked at each other to catch the other's reaction. Then again, maybe it was the silent, mutual agreement they had to never say hello when they met if they were with their friends. No, it was no secret love affair. Even when they were alone they usually only said, "Hi." Sometimes they didn't even say, "Hi."

By her gang's standards he was a creep, a cheapy creepy, if you spoke their lingo. She was a fink in the truest sense of the word, his buddies declared.

Every Friday night, if there was a dance reasonably near, he went. This was the first record hop she had gone to in a long time. She had wanted out of her four walls for a while and this was a legit place to go. A friend had promised to pick her up at 11. Till then she intended to have a blast.

At first it was fun. Although she recognized a few of the kids, the gaiety of the crowd was contagious. The music was loud; the lights were low. It was exciting, almost romantic in a weird sort of way. The majority of the kids stood around in hesitant groups. A few girls with rather blank expressions began the frantic gyrations of the monkey. The others watched with mild interest.

After awhile the motion grew monotonous. The figures swirled in

dizzy circles. The noise of the record blaring, "She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah. She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah," seemed to propose a comical tragedy. And yet, to her, it was not comical. Looking at a boy and girl entangled in each other's arms, she wondered of the boy, does she love you? Her instant reaction was to call them all fools. But were they?

She shoved her way blindly to the ladies room. Combing and recombining her hair, she tried to smile. It was useless. The face in the mirror seemed to mock her. The others in the room all wore skirts and sweaters; she had on a dress. As she went out the door, she stopped for a moment in dismay when a kid, maybe four years her younger, taunted from a smoky corner, "You look cute, girlie."

An hour to go, a miserable, muddy, horrible hour. Out of the corner of her eye she saw a kid coming to ask her to dance. "I'm sorry," she said. Nervously she opened her purse and searched for a pen which she knew she didn't have. "They're all friends," she reflected. A girl smiled at her and asked if she knew the time. She cursed the girl for being nice.

One of the chaperons standing near her commented to her husband, "I'm sure glad this wasn't part of my development."

"You fool, you fool," thought the girl. "Can't you see? You were cheated. You can't write them off the book as a typical phase of adolescent behavior. They've got something that you and I can't have, something we can't even understand. They're part of something we can't belong to—each other! To be a member of my gang you have to get your A's or be president of the Chess Club, be ethnic, and hold your head high. To be a member of their gang you've got to be a friend. If I couldn't stay in the top classes my gang would drop me like a worn-out fad. I know. I've seen it happen."

The boy was still there. He had spent most of the evening talking to his buddies. Now he was dancing with some girl. His eyes looked over her shoulder at nothingness. The girl by the door watched him. He did not look at her. The building filled her with despair. An unwilling prisoner within an unknown fear, she awaited her ride.

At home, alone, at last. "She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah. She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah." She thought of the boy and of the girl and of all the rest of them and wondered at something she could not express: Sadness, a deep feeling of insignificance, and a realization of just how little she understood other people came over her. She gazed at the wall for a long, long time. Then she shut out the light.

THE LAMP BY DENISE BUKOWSKI

A young blonde girl stepped gracefully up the long walk in front of her home. On either side of the patchwork, slate path stretched a fresh, velvety green lawn that was fat with the richness of fertile soils and constant care. There were flowers—red and pink and white roses, and pansies—in tasteful rows and circles, yielding delicately to the coaxing of a steady breeze.

But she did not see them. She looked straight ahead at the door and smiled to herself with glad hope and expectancy. It was a tiny smile. When she reached the foot of the steps, she stopped and hugged her school books close to her, and squeezed her eyelids shut and wrinkled her charming nose. Then smoothing the skirt of her candy pink shirt-waist and patting her long curls, she continued up the steps.

Again she paused, at the door.

"You mustn't rush in," she thought to herself rapidly. "Stop and talk to Mama. Of course, you always stop and talk, to Mama. He has waited upstairs all day for you, he will wait for a few minutes more while you talk to Mama, and answer her questions. Always the same questions. But she watches you, and will see if you are anxious and ask about that, too. So talk to Mama, and try not to think about deceiving her—she would be upset if she knew."

She stepped inside and closed the door gently. The huge old house bore an atmosphere that required gentleness in everything.

"I'm in here, dear," called her mother's voice from the living room. "How was school?"

And so the daughter headed down the spacious hall to the living room. "Hello, Mama. School was swell today. Headmistress spoke to each class for a few minutes—about exams and things. All the girls are dreading that English final." And she thought, "That should answer more than one question all at once—maybe it'll be shorter this time. I hate to be impatient, but I must go and see him . . ." and her thoughts rambled.

"Didn't headmistress say anything about boys?"

"No, not this time."

"Did you see any boys on the way to school, or any funny looking men?"

"Didn't notice any."

"Margaret . . ." her mother was stern now.

"No, I saw no funny boys or men, Mama."

"And on your way home?"

"There are always boys returning home at the same time as I."

"But you knew enough to go as far as possible in groups of girls."

"Yes, Mama, always."

"And there was no trouble?"

"Some of the girls met boys they knew and started talking and laughing with them, so I hurried on by myself."

"I know I can trust you, dear. But I must make sure you are always safe. Don't let those boys bother you. And most of all, don't let the rash girls lead you on."

"Yes, Mama, I know."

And she left her mother reading in the living room. The same questions were over again.

"And Margaret . . .," her mother's voice called her back.

"Yes?" she returned.

"You're sure you haven't taken a fancy to anyone."

"Yes."

"And no men have approached you?"

"No. Why Mama!"

"But it is so easy for a teen-age girl to be swept away by unclean characters."

"Yes, Mama." She left again.

Up the spiral staircase, resting on the wrought-wood bannister.

"Yes, Mama, no Mama, and why must you be that way," she thought, "while Mike is waiting for me!"

"Yes, yes, yes, I have taken a fancy! But you don't understand; you would be so upset, poor Mama."

Quickly she opened the door to her bedroom and rushed in. She headed right to her bed table. And there was a lamp.

It was a tall table lamp. It was elaborate and antique. On the broad golden base rested a scene in shimmering china. A young lady and a young man sat there on two china tree stumps, in a miniature china garden. The man reached his hands to the girl, almost touching her, and she raised her hand in playful resistance, as they had done for many many years. They wore clothing of the eighteenth century, she in long

billowy skirts, and he in china pants to the knees, and a sash. It was a beautiful piece of solid china moulding, intricate and detailed.

Margaret smiled in wondrous joy and reached her hand to the young man on the lamp base.

"I am home, Mike. I missed you."

She paused, waiting for an answer.

"Yes, it has been a long day, without you."

She fondled his head and touched his tiny hand, and held it.

"I feel so bad, deceiving Mother. But she doesn't know that I—I love you. She doesn't know how we feel, poor Mama."

She gazed at him, and again caressed the cold, lifeless head.

"You don't really like her—that girl—do you? I couldn't bear it if you did. Aren't I lovelier than she?"

Then a heavy frown clouded her face and the tears poured from her eyes.

"No, no!" she screamed.

And she grabbed the telephone next to the lamp and smashed it against the lovely female figurine. She hit it again and again. In misery and anger she smashed the eighteenth century woman to fragments, and startled the silence with her noise.

In a moment her mother was beside her.

"Margaret! What have you done?"

Margaret sat staring at the lamp, screaming.

"All these years," she screamed, "all these years I have loved him and he has tricked me—he tricked me! But now she is gone—I have him—I have him!" ▼

MOVING DAY BY ROGER PAUL MARTIN

As quietly as the approach of dawn, the children rose. The boys, Charles and James, donned faded blue jeans and torn T-shirts. Vanessa slipped into a brown flowered dress and vainly strutted before the mirror, admiring her ebony hair and skin. Suddenly a thought occurred to her

and she dashed into her parent's bedroom and tugged at her mother. "Mama, will you braid my hair? Please, Mama?"

Slowly, the woman drifted toward consciousness and began rubbing her eyes, sleep drifting invisibly down. "Sure, honey. Just wait'll Mommy gets dressed," was the reply, half stifled by a yawn. As Vanessa darted from the room, the woman reached over to her man and rocked him gently from side to side. "C'mon, honey, it's 'bout time we get up and get movin', gotta big day today. Gotta move."

At first the man's mind fought against awakening, preferring the warm pit of sleep in which he was enveloped, but finally he clambered into a state of awareness, resulting in much stretching and yawning. He swung his legs over to the side of the bed and dropped them heavily to the floor. In his mind the words of his wife echoed, "Gotta big day today. Gotta move."

After he had splashed his face with water, he entered the kitchen now astir with activity. Loud popping sounds and thin blue smoke of frying eggs and bacon filled the air. Pig-tailed Vanessa, Charles and James sat at the table and noisily gobbled greasy eggs, whose golden yellow hubs were unable to withstand the jabbing of hot, buttered toast. Between bites of eggs Charles managed a "Mornin' Daddy."

"Mornin', Chuck."

"When's Uncle Jake comin' wif de trailer?"

"He said he'd be here 'bout nine."

"Where we gonna move?" inquired James for the hundredth time.

"Real estate agent got us a nice place on Merrimac Street."

"Goody. I sure do hope they's lot a place to play. . . ."

"He says this place's got a big yard and they's lots a kids in the neighborhood to play wif. He says it's real nice."

The children bolted the remainder of their breakfast and went outside to wait. The woman gave her man a cup of coffee and sat down to breakfast. She questioned him urgently.

"Is it really goin' to be nice this time? Is they really gonna be a place for the kids to play? God, if they ain't . . . if that agent's lying . . ."

"Now don't fret. Real estate man says it's cheap and it's got a nice yard."

Their conversation was halted as the children burst into the room with the news that Uncle Jake had arrived. The family was quickly organized into a smoothly functioning unit, each member carrying something to the trailer. Uncle Jake and the man carried the beds, the TV refrigerator, chairs and kitchen table, the only pieces of furniture the

family owned. The children carried their meager supply of broken toys and a few boxes of food and utensils. The woman was the master strategist of the moving operation.

Finally, the trailer was loaded and everyone climbed into the car. The drive was short and ended with Uncle Jake's words, "Everybody out." The children, needing no encouragement, bolted from the car and up the shabby steps, stopping before a door denuded of its paint. The adults caught up with the children. The whole family stood transfixed, regarding their "new" home.

"Is this the right place?" inquired Uncle Jake, a frown distorting his forehead.

Slowly, and nearly inaudibly, the man muttered, "No, dammit, no! Not another hole! That lying . . ."

With tears forming in their eyes and with disbelief in their voices the children echoed his dismay. "Daddy, we ain't gonna live here, are we? Not here Daddy. It's only got a little bitty yard and it ain't nice, like the man said. Not here, please, Daddy!"

Quietly, the woman whispered, "God, not again."

Unwillingly, the dark man turned and headed back to the car. Trailing somberly behind was his family. Slowly they began to unload the trailer. ▼

THE PRICE OF A PENCIL BY DAVE GRIMES

The silent fog slithered in and rested heavily on the young boy's bent shoulders. An occasional crisp "prink . . . prink . . . prink" sliced through the monotonous splattering of rain against the gray, cracked sidewalks, as raindrops sped through the bright pencils and crashed against the bottom of the dull tin cup.

"Please, please, dear God, today," he murmured, "just one." Suddenly he convulsed as a spasm of coughing racked his twisted frame. ▼

Two swirling streams of vapor from his hideous nose once again mingled with the damp night air as his wheezing became more regular. He shifted his weight to his shorter leg, and his frozen dungaree cuffs crinkled softly. A little rivulet of rain trickled down his crooked back. As he shivered and stared at the tenement across the deserted street, his keen and sensitive mind sped along, comparing his body to a decrepit boarding house providing accommodations for one disease after another which lingered awhile, took their toll, and moved on in search of new lodging. His numb hand slowly removed a small calendar from a torn pocket in his shabby brown jacket, and he fervently repeated his prayer. On the card was the name of a small cafeteria where he ate on the days when he sold enough pencils, and rows and rows of neat x's marking the passing of interminable days on this street corner. He knew that this was his last one.

"Footsteps! . . . this one, please, God! . . . let him look directly at me and feel no disgust, no hatred for causing him embarrassment, no cheap pity as if I were an animal . . . my deformity hasn't warped my personal dignity, too . . . please!"

A man stepped briskly around the corner, caught sight of the boy, and pain registered on his face. Quickly he dropped a ten-dollar bill in the cup, turned his face aside and splashed away into the shadows. "Stop! stop!" screamed the boy, but no sound came from his purple lips. He shook with sobs and threw the money into the gutter.

As a bus lumbered down the street, the boy gazed at the warm, happy people traveling home. Windows of light from the bus raced along with it down the street, and then he was alone again, except for the rain.

Once again, footsteps echoed around the corner, but now they were accompanied by resounding clicks, as if the person were wearing heavy taps. All his hope gone, the boy watched his own feet until the figure passed before him. Mustering the last of his fleeting strength, he humbly inquired, "Pencil, sir?" and glanced up. The old man jerked around, startled by the voice, almost as if he hadn't seen the small form leaning against the glistening wall of the building. As the gentleman raised his head from the broken sidewalk to the pathetic, huddled figure, the latter dreaded a reaction similar to that of the last passer-by.

The mournful warning of a foghorn rumbled across the rooftops to their ears, through forgotten laundry, television antennas, and neon signs, as the elderly man's large brown eyes met the boy's. The youngster waited for him to turn away in disgust. He did not. "Yes, son, I believe I can use a pencil," were the only words spoken. The old man blinked

twice and resumed his silent contemplation, unaffected by the boy's deformity and shabby clothes. Never once turning aside, the two exchanged a dime and a red pencil, and a lifetime of pent-up emotion welled up within the young boy's being. His frail heart pounding mightily, he stared at the man's large, radiant eyes—eyes which showed infinite understanding and patience in the presence of suffering. Those serene, searching eyes brought untold joy to the boy.

As the man walked off, the boy smiled peacefully and whispered thanks for a reply to his prayer, and his lifeless form slid slowly down the wet wall. With a "clank," the tin cup dropped to the sidewalk, and pencils spilled out in gay profusion into the rain-swollen gutter. Off they raced—green ones, yellow ones, blue, red, tumbling and jumbling together until swept down into the dark aperture of a sewer and into oblivion. . . .

Once again all was quiet on the corner except for the rain, an occasional "prink . . . prink," and the resounding clicks of the old man's white cane probing its way along the dark sidewalk. ▼

THE COMMUTERS BY DOUG PETTY

John Webster strode briskly to the Solarex parked before his Detroit headquarters.

For a moment he sat slumped at the controls of his sleek, black vehicle. Automatically he checked the solar battery gauge. John Webster was custom-tailored for the vehicle, just short enough to avoid grazing his head on the roof when he entered, and tall enough to reach the controls while in a relaxed position. He unbuttoned his brace-like collar and loosened his tie. Fatigue had begun to creep over him. For the first time in weeks he realized that he was 55 years old. ►

The day had been a long and taxing one for the Chief Union Executive—a coast-to-coast address to the workers, a consultation with the

president, a brief discussion with the educators, a longer session with the textile leaders. He wanted to go home.

Glancing up he saw a lanky, youthful figure rapidly coming toward him. It was his secretary, Harvard.

"Mister Webster!" shouted the secretary as he neared the vehicle. "I wonder if you might ride me home. My Solarex is being serviced—faulty converter."

"Surely," affirmed Webster and motioned for him to get in. Harvard gave him a weak smile and seated himself beside his superior.

Webster deftly manipulated the controls and moved the Solarex into the deserted street. The workers had left two hours ago and there would be no traffic on the Interstate.

"Quite a positive address you delivered to the workers today. Do you really expect your demands to be met?" asked Harvard.

"Of course," clipped Webster. "What a foolish question to ask," thought Webster. "Haven't I always attained my goals? Haven't I always been direct and forceful? Why should this youth question my effectiveness?"

True, Harvard did not possess the business-like qualities of his superior. Several times during the past week Webster had found him gazing out a window as if there were something out there worthy of his attention. The executive reminded himself to replace his secretary. Anyone could be replaced. For all his youth Harvard was obsolete.

He concentrated on his driving. Checking the controls, Webster thought of the years of toil, the articulate minds, of the vast technological society that had made the solar-powered craft possible. The Solarex was truly the crown of a society based on facts, and was, for a hundredth or a second, perfection. All had been or would be illuminated, for fact would lead to fact. "Yes, tomorrow all will be obsolete," thought the executive. Suddenly, something at the controls caught Webster's eye.

"What's that on the screen?"

"Some atmospheric disturbance, I suppose," answered Harvard without authority.

"Impossible," clipped Webster. "We've been in Control Zone five minutes."

"Whatever it is, it's proceeding south," said the secretary with more concern.

"South? Impossible. It's 19:00 hours. Contact Interstate Highway Control and have them identify it."

"This is Detroit 2080 calling Interstate Highway Control. You have orders to identify a vehicle proceeding south on Interstate 75."

"Will proceed to carry out orders," returned a metallic voice. By now the unidentified vehicle was barely visible on the horizon. The commuters strained their eyes to determine the characteristics of the approaching craft.

"This is Interstate Highway Patrol. We are unable to establish contact with unidentified vehicle proceeding south at 120 kilometers per hour." These last words of the report were hardly comprehended by Webster as he trained his eyes on the outline of the strange vehicle.

"Preposterous! I've never see anything like it." The commuters glanced interrogatively at one another and then at the oncoming four-wheeled craft.

"It's surely not a Solarex," said Harvard.

"Then what is it?" Before either of them could answer this question there came a strident, alien sound from the unconventional vehicle. Webster's hands came off the controls to protect his ears from the nauseating sound.

The commuters were thrown only slightly forward as the vehicles collided head-on. For a moment neither the executive nor his secretary stirred. Then the metallic voice brought both to an upright position.

"This is Interstate Highway Control. We have observed your collision. Are you disabled?"

"This is Detroit 2080. We are uninjured. The unidentified vehicle has been destroyed. We will report back after we have classified it."

Disembarking from the Solarex, they shuffled through the thousands of fragments of glass, steel, and plastic strewn along the highway. To one side of the wreckage lay a rectangular metal plate with a form of identification engraved on one side. Webster picked up the plate and toyed with it, then turned to Harvard.

"I can't decipher this. I'll have it processed later."

But Harvard's attention was focused upon something nearly 200 yards from the wreckage. Carefully avoiding the rubble of glass and metal, he directed his steps toward the crushed object. In a moment Webster was beside him. The two stared dumbly at the broken mass of flesh spattered on the highway. The driver.

"Harvard, I think this is a . . ."

"Man?"

"But they've been extinct for decades," exclaimed Webster. "They had something called a *soul*. Most of them were exterminated in one of their wars. Impossible creatures. Obsolete."

The brain which had conceived John Webster and his secretary lay shattered on the concrete pavement that led the way to oblivion. ▼



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